



Stamped,Labeled and Ready to go



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Chapter 1 by Timea Matavova

CHAPTER 1

Names. Your name can say a lot about you. Sometimes you just have the wrong name. One that doesn't fit you. I am not talking about bullying like when someone calls you a "retard." Even though that name is for sure not the name for you. I am talking about when your parents give you a name that just doesn't fit you. My parents named me Timea. I am different now. I am now known as

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



...okay, a retard. My name is supposed to mean "sweet natured", but at times like this, I feel anything but.

I never excelled at academics. I was probably nearing the ninetieth percentile of my school, the Academia of Little Saints. Again, something that I wasn't. It's hard to feel like Jesus-fucking-Christ when a slob of mystery burrito meat is making its way down your bra. Of course, I was good at other things. But when everyone else in your school but your family can afford fancy tutors and under-the-table money for SAT score "readjustments", well, your lack of wit tends to

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Oh, right, the burrito.

It was a real waste of Chipotle. If there was one thing I liked about being surrounded by the upper crust, it was that they could afford such ridiculous frivolous things, like installing a Chipotle branch in the cafeteria. And if it was one thing that I hated, it was that I could never enjoy it in peace. Walking back to my table was like navigating a minefield; there were always jutted legs waiting to trip me and lips ready to barb me with painful words. Usually, I was rather nimble at passing this silver spoon obstacle course, but I had let my guard down. So much for my double order of steak. It was now making a rather greasy stain on my Goodwill shirt.

"Retard," a girl with hair that could not possibly be natural quipped, giggling along her friends. To my knowledge, the Academia was the only school in high school history where the nerds were the bullies. Talk about subverting tropes.

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